

The ROYAL GENERAL

Or the *Camp* at

PUTNEY HEATH

To the Tune of

State and Ambition &c.

(Splendor,
Now the great *Monarch* of *England's* bright
doth shine over *Europe* like *Jove* in his *Throne*
Makes *France* to the *Empire*, & *Spaniard* surrender,
The peace and the plenty of what is their own;
The *Turk* and the *Teiklites* thereby are o're powerd
And crusht by the conduct of *Christians* strong *Arms*,
Such successful blessing the heavens have showred,
The *Turks* and the *Tartars* are lost in the *Storms*.

II.

(Conquer'd
Great *Charles* and his *Highness* they bravely have
Our pretended *Protestant* *Turks* of the *Race*,
Of *Hastrig*, *Bradshaw* and *Tapskie* who *Scamper'd*,
And left his disciples to hang in disgrace:
With politick prudence and mercy they've turn'd
The *Scream* of the *Kingdom* as it was before,
The saucy proud *Presbyter* formerly scorned,
Are forc't to their *Sovereign* to whine and adore.

III.

Come brave daring *Tories* that's warlike affected,
O'th offspring of *Mars* and delights in a *Drum*;
At which the *Phanaticks* are vex't and affrighted;
Where none but Heroick brave souls are to come:
At *Putney* you'll see his brave *Highness* restored
Chief *General* by *Land* as well as by *Sea*,
His *Merits* deserving the god's have implored,
That none but the right in succession shou'd sway.

IV.

(sed
Great *Charles* more than *Cesar* an *Army* hath rai-
To protect his *Friends*, and keep *Rebells* in awe,
Not to be dismantled at *Parliament* pleasure;
Wee'l make those dam'd'd hot-spurs *Alegeance* to
know;

The *Hoboy*s and *trumpets* sounds tan, ta, ra, ra, ra
The *Colours* do flourish *Drums* beat dub, a dub
Each loyal *Commander* his *Souldiers* doth cherish
They'll make *Jack Presbyter* fly from his tub.

V.

No *Theatre*, *Opera* nor garden of pleasure,
Can equal the harmony of *English Camp*;
Three *Kingdom's* *Protection* and *Monarchs* chie
Treasure,
A terror to our *English* *Turks* o'th' same stamp
Our *New-Castle* *Rebells* and *Scotch* apprehended,
Must lay by their hopes of raising the *Croude*;
Rumbold now taken shall be recommended,
With *Argile* on *Gibbet* as high as a *Cloud*,

VI.

The *Guards* and *Malitia* in real *Emulation*,
Each *Souldier* deserving *Commissioners* place;
Their souls are aspir'd above *Elevation*,
And e'ry *Commander* *Achilles*'s grace:
The *King* & the *Duke* & *Prince* are *Triumphant*,
Without *Acclamations*, and *Trophies* of joys,
To see proud *opposers* subdu'd that were *Rampant*.
With *huzza's* let's drink their health *Tory-Boys*.

VII.

All that in war-like *Disciplin* delighteth,
Pray for the success of the *Christians* *Arms*,
And for all that contribut's to pay those that fight
In the *Holy Wars* & their *Duty* performs; (est
And those that discover'd the last *Plot* in *Scotland*,
Wherein *Sterling-Castle* was to be surpris'd;
And for the preservation of peace in old *England*,
And let those be hang'd that trim in disguise.

F I N I S.